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A New COPY of
V E R S E S,
O N T H E
Nativity, Life and Death
O F O U R
BLESSED SAVIOUR.

26. Dec. 1715. By S. C.

LET Christians all with one accord rejoice,
And Praises sing with Heart as well as Voice,
To God on high, for glorious things he's done,
In sending us his best beloved Son:
Who came from Heaven for to satisfy
His Father's Wrath, that fallen Man thereby
Might come, thro' Grace, to Glory at the last,
When this short, transitory Life is past.
Oh happy time! that brought the King of Kings
To publick View, with Healing in his Wings:
Harmonious Ecchoes thro' the Heavens rung,
And Blessed Angels Hallelujahs sung.
Take notice, he was humble at his Birth,
Altho' renowned King of Heav'n and Earth:
An Earthly Wonder not to be deny'd,
Born of a Virgin Mother, and a Bride;
Not like a Prince in worldly Pomp and State,
But poor and mean, to make us heavenly Great.
And in a Manger the great Lord of Life
Was nourish'd by a Mother, Maid, and Wife.
The Wise-men by a Star were thither brought,
Who found the blessed Babe they long had sought.
And rather than the Lord of Life betray,
They worshipp'd, and went Home another Way;
Which so enrag'd the wicked Herod then,
A Jewish King indeed, but worst of Men,
That he caus'd harmless Infants to be kill'd,
All under two Years old their Blood was spill'd:
Sad Cries and Groans were heard in every Street,
With mangled Bodies, bleeding Hands and Feet.
Young tender Babes their Limbs in pieces torn,
On Soldiers Spears with Horror, Spite, and Scorn.
Dear Parents Tears could not his Rage prevent,
Nor Pity move the Tyrant to repent.
The black Decree went all the Country round,
To kill and murder Children sick and found:

And tore each Babe ev'n from its Mother's Breast,
In hopes to murder Christ among the rest:
But God above, who knew what would be done,
Had sent to *Egypt* his beloved Son:
Where with his Earthly Parents he was fed,
Until the bloody Tyrant he was dead.
What Dangers and what Hazards did he run,
Both Night and Day, lest we should be undone?
What Pains, what Labour did he not endure,
To save our Souls, and Happiness secure?
Was always doing good, to let us see,
By his Example, what we ought to be.
He made the Blind to see, the Lame to go,
And rais'd the Dead, which none but God could do.
He honour'd Marriage with a Heav'nly Sign,
By turning Water to the best of Wine.
Five thousand hungry Souls were by him fed,
With two small Fishes and five Loaves of Bread.
But yet for all the Wonders that he wrought,
Ungrateful Jews still his Destruction sought.
And that their wicked Purpose might not miss,
Brib'd *Judas* to betray him with a Kiss:
Which being done, away they hawl him then,
And use him as the very worst of Men;
Spit in his Face, and with reproachful Scorns,
They put upon his Head a Crown of Thorns.
Then to the Cross the Saviour of Mankind
Was led like harmless Lamb, as was design'd.
His Blessed Hands and Feet with bitter Pain,
Were nailed to the Tree with sad Disdain.
With sharpen'd Spear they pierc'd his tender Skin,
And let out Blood, to wash away our Sin.
Thus, thus our gracious Lord did freely die,
To save such sinful Men as You and I.
Then let us all his Mercies highly prize,
Who for our Sins was made a Sacrifice.